A Loving Thaw

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A Loving Thaw

by Anonymous

Summary

Fuuma and Gerg have a little pre-bedtime routine that ends up getting very heated.

Notes

Had a hard time deciding between the current title and the much worse implications/innuendo of 'Defrosted Fish Sticks'

Gerg was absolutely not suited for the challenge to climb Warrior's Peak and face the ring of light above it. Most people weren't, but at least those people were familiar with the concept of clothes and generally arrived with the proper kind of gear for the journey, no matter how strange it looked. Gerg would've definitely been dead if he hadn't happened on Fuuma that first day.

Buying that protective gear had literally been a life saving decision. But, it came with a few drawbacks due to Gerg's... biological situation.

They learned the hard way that fabric clung to Gerg's moist skin and started absorbing the coating of mucus he needed to live. The hard way being: Gerg collapsing in the snow one day, gasping and wheezing like he couldn't breathe but croaking out for water instead of air. Fuuma had been totally perplexed by the request, staring at him with a dropped jaw until he poured what was left in his canteen over the slowly suffocating fish man. This would be so much easier if Gerg could go around naked.

But if he didn't wear his clothes...

Fuuma sighed heavily, watching as his friend squirmed out of his layers for the day. He didn't want a frozen fish on his hands, either.

Where Gerg should've had vibrant patterns of orange and black splashed over his skin and thick, shiny scales, the layers of cream, black, and red fabric and fur fell away to reveal icy patches of frozen mucus. As it reflected the firelight, Fuuma could see how it formed intricate patterns, like cracks on a frozen lake, all over Gerg's body. In some places, the ice fully coated him with white frost, hiding his true colors. Fuuma felt a sharp pain in the side of his cheek. Wincing, he realized he'd been biting it agitatedly.

Ugh, he'd never used to have these kinds of nervous tics until this terrible fish-man decided to become a part of his life. Gerg stressed him out so much.

...However... Fuuma felt a flush of heat across his face as Gerg stood up and stretched stiffly with a crackling noise as the frost started falling off him. The frost had melted a little as Gerg warmed up in their home, and now it left sleek, shiny patches of wetness in its wake. And it unfortunately, or fortunately depending on how Fuuma chose to look at it, made Gerg look all the more tantalizing as the muscles in his back and arms flexed. Fuuma sighed softly to himself, unconsciously leaning back further to see more.

Gerg started leaning down to stretch his legs, tail lifting slightly, unconsciously revealing his ass— Oh-*kay* enough looking Fuuma, get back to the task at hand.

He busied himself with making sure the water in his bucket was slightly above Gerg's normal body temperature, then rechecked for all his supplies. Towels. Water. Stool.

Yeah, there wasn't much for him to go through and distract himself with. With a little huff, Fuuma leaned back further to make himself visible through the doorway to their eating area.

"Oi, you ready already?" He called out, trying to look at the ceiling rather than Gerg, knowing he'd get caught blushing like a teenager if they locked eyes or caught Gerg still stretching with his back to Fuuma.

Fuuma heard a soft, amused chuckle as Gerg silently appeared in the doorway.

"So impatient," he murmured, but obediently sat on the stool Fuuma set up with a damp towel over the seat.

"Hey, I wanna sleep sometime tonight. We have an early start tomorrow, don't we?" Fuuma joked with mock impatience, leaning back on the table he sat on to assess where he'd need to put the most work in.

"Of course," Gerg replied, and Fuuma could hear the light smile in his voice.

Fuuma was tempted to say some other witty response, but decided to just get to work. He would actually like to sleep soon if he could. And with that, he dunked one of the rags in the warm water next to him, wrung it out, and started gently running it along the still frozen patches of Gerg's shoulders.

Fuuma had thought up this addition to their routine after finding Gerg nearly frozen over and dehydrated. They split up for one of their odd jobs higher up the mountain and Fuuma had immediately gone looking for him when Gerg didn't show up at their promised time. The memories of him choking on nothing fresh in Fuuma's mind at that point, leading him to rightfully expect the worst.

That night, he carried Gerg home, which was no easy feat— the guy was *huge* compared to Fuuma. But he managed it, then sat Gerg down by the fire and wiped him down with clean water as the patches of ice slowly melted away. All the while, Fuuma had their bathwater heating up until it was a decent temperature that wouldn't boil Gerg alive. And once it was ready, Fuuma picked him up once again, struggling not only with Gerg's weight, but also the urge to just heave Gerg in and give him an earful about being a self-righteous bastard. He wasn't being a burden or causing problems by asking for help. Fuuma *knew* he was at a disadvantage here and UGH. Stupid sexy fish-man with his ridiculous ninja honor code that would get him killed someday.

By the time he finished soaking that night, Fuuma had a freshly hydrated and healthy-looking Gerg on his hands and he'd never felt such relief. He did a poor job of hiding it, and maybe that's why Gerg agreed to something he must find humiliating. Having to be cared for so intimately by someone like Fuuma, nothing more than a son of a loser. Someone who was probably destined to share that fate as well. And especially when Gerg tried his hardest to prove he could be independent and capable on his own here. Gerg must’ve felt helpless but desperately wanted to be independent, and Fuuma was inadequate and desperately wanted to prove he was more.

What a pair they made.

But this new part of their routine kept Gerg alive, so it kept Fuuma alive due to the strange mutualism they'd created. And survival's all that mattered out here around Warrior's Peak.

Perhaps that was another reason why Gerg allowed such close contact.

As Fuuma got lost in thought, his hands were allowed to wander. They mostly kept on their track, wiping and refreshing the water on the towels, making sure it was still a nice temperature so it feel the nicest for Gerg without hurting him or lowering his body temperature. But they also started to drift. Sometimes forgetting the towel entirely as Fuuma's hands traced the lines of Gerg's muscles and lingered in places they probably shouldn't have. In hindsight, Fuuma would admit he really was more exhausted than he realized. Otherwise, he would've paid more attention.

Gerg softly clearing his throat suddenly brought Fuuma out of his daze. He'd moved to kneel on the floor before Gerg to work on his front, and suddenly flushed bright red to find the hand with the washcloth at the top of Gerg's thigh, and the other lightly squeezing his waist.

Fuuma jolted back like he'd been burned, toppling over and falling onto his ass as he spluttered out apologies. But as he did, he noticed that Gerg's thighs had clamped shut once Fuuma was safely out of range of getting snapped in half from the force of it.

"Gerg?" Fuuma asked.

"A-apologies," Gerg said, hiding his face in his hands.

"Apologies? What are *you* apologizing for?" Fuuma managed to squeak out. "I-I was the one t-t... touching..." His face heated up even more as the words came out, making the realization that much more.

Gerg shook his head, "My reaction is highly inappropriate. You were just trying to help—"

Reaction? What did he mean...? Almost fracturing his ribs on both sides with the force of him closing his legs? But that could just be a knee-jerk reaction to get Fuuma away from what he was doing.

Fuuma looked Gerg up and down, trying to figure out what he meant by that. As his eyes drifted downward on the second sweep of Gerg, he focused in on the amphibious man's legs, squeezed shut. Maybe...

Oh?

Oh.

Oh.

A sly grin started breaking out on Fuuma's face as he noticed something purplish peeking out between his thighs. "You were turned on by that?"

Gerg curled in on himself as if that would help him melt away into the floor like the puddle of water around him. "Please, let's not speak of this, I can finish this myself. And you don't need to do this anymore, I'll take care of rehydrating from now on."

Fuuma slowly got to his knees, then shuffled over to Gerg, pressing his chest into the seated man's legs. He bit his lip, not exactly sure how to start this.

"I don't mind," Fuuma said softly. "I don't mind at all actually," He repeated, tentatively putting a hand on each of Gerg's knees.

Gerg's breath hitched in his chest, "You don't?" He finally peeked out from behind his hands, and Fuuma caught his eyes before nodding.

"Not at all."

Fuuma slid his hands further up Gerg's legs, pausing midway up his thighs as he leaned in, pressing more of his body against Gerg's and bringing their faces closer.

Gerg's hands finally fell all the way from his face, and he leaned in with wide eyes as well. He watched Fuuma cautiously, like he was calculating how to react in this situation. The fish-man's tongue lapped out at his lips briefly, and Fuuma caught a hint of those razor sharp teeth. A shudder ran down his spine and he immediately leaned down to look away. Too turned on to keep watching, or stay idle.

Fuuma started pressing kisses into Gerg's legs. And they slowly opened for him. This had to be too much for someone as shy as Gerg, but Fuuma couldn't help himself as he ran his tongue along the newly revealed expanse of thigh.

Above him, Gerg gasped and moaned.

"Fuuma..." He breathed, chest rising and falling in time with the flares of his gills. "You—ooh!"

Fuuma chuckled, pulling away from Gerg's dick after kissing the tip of it. What he thought was the tip, at least. "What was that?" he asked playfully.

"You really, don't have to do this," Gerg panted. "If you feel some sort of obligation..."

Fuuma crawled closer into Gerg's space, sitting up on his knees to bring their faces close together, "The only obligation I feel, is keeping you alive on this hell planet. And it's not out of pity or anything else you might think or feel offended by because of your honor."

Fuuma leaned closer, brushing his lips against Gerg's as he murmured, "I want this because I like you. Because you've been nothing but a good friend to me, but I want more. I promise, if anyone's taking advantage in this situation," Fuuma looked into Gerg's obsidian eyes through his lashes, "It's me."

"Fuuma," Gerg whispered, breath tickling across his lips before he closed the gap between them.

Fuuma groaned into his lips before pressing another kiss to Gerg's still closed lips. Dammit, he wanted those teeth. But also relief flooded his whole body. He'd been wanting to know what this was like. Gerg's lips, the taste of them, if he was a tentative or passionate kisser, gentle or domineering. Wanted it for what felt like ages.

"Is it truly taking advantage if... If I've been wanting more as well?" Gerg asked as they pulled apart.

Fuuma leaned back as the words punched into his gut, "Ohh," He groaned wantonly, "You better say that and mean it, otherwise I'm just leaving you high and dry and going to bed to jack off."

Gerg's eyes widened a little bit, processing Fuuma's words carefully until he smiled toothily down at him. "I mean it," He said earnestly.

"I would question why you have reason to doubt my geunineness, but I've seen it." Gerg silenced any questions and protests out of Fuuma with another kiss.

"Your lack of self worth was immediately obvious from our meeting."

Gerg kissed him again.

"You say you're nothing more than a loser's son. But since we've become companions, I've seen nothing but compassion from you." Kiss. "Your enthusiasm." Kiss. "Your strength." Kiss. "Your determination." Kiss.

"These are all qualities I find admirable and... attractive," Fuuma's eyes widened, he could've sworn Gerg's scales started glowing at that word. Is that the way his people blushed? "In you." He continued. "Were we back on my planet, I might've started courting you by now."

"That is the unsexiest way I've ever heard that said," Fuuma laughed, "But it's... sweet and you and..." Fuuma bit down on the 'I don't deserve it', replacing it with "thank you." His cheeks heated up with the swirling, swarming mass of emotions roiling to the surface of his mind.

"I-I like... your strength as well." Fuuma kissed Gerg's cheek, "Not just your physical strength either." Throat, "Your heart. Is just so big." Chest. "You're trusting. Too trusting. But it got us together and I'd never change anything about that." Belly. "Your good looks don't hurt at all, either." With a smirk, he pressed a little peck to each thigh before running his tongue along the one he hadn't licked yet.

Gerg ran a clawed, webbed hand over Fuuma's hair, and he leaned up into the touch eagerly. "I'm surprised, but I find you quite physically attractive as well."

Fuuma smiled up at him. "You'd be the first who said it and meant it in a way I actually enjoy."

Gerg's eyes hardened slightly at that, cupping Fuuma's jaw with both hands. "I wish... I wish I'd been there for you."

Fuuma brought his hands up to hold Gerg's and nuzzle into the fish man's touch, "That would be nice, but honestly you shoulda seen 'em afterwards."

Gerg inhaled sharply, then sighed fondly, kissing Fuuma's forehead, "I can only imagine."

Fuuma laughed, and after a moment more of indulging in Gerg's touch, he said, "Know what you don't have to imagine, though?"

"Fuuma," Gerg said tiredly, and Fuuma just chuckled again, gently pulling Gerg's hands from his face so he could lean down and press a line of kisses over Gerg's belly all the way down to the weird slit where little Gerg was proudly poking out.

And with each little kiss, Gerg squirmed and twitched and gasped, *"Fuuma!"*

Fuuma smirked as he ran his tongue up the length of Gerg's cock. He much preferred his name said that way.

This was heaven for Fuuma, who couldn't even dream this up. Whenever he tried, he'd start out imagining Gerg writhing under him, but it always quickly gave way to the fish man smiling at him with those teeth, very obviously the one in control of the situation. Maybe they could get to that eventually, but for now, Fuuma had a mission, and he was going to do it right.

Taking a deep breath through his nose, getting a bit of Gerg's fresh, salty scent in the process, Fuuma readied himself, then slowly sank down onto Gerg's cock, trying to take the whole thing in one careful go.

Normally, he might've been a bit more reckless about it, but for some reason, he didn't want that. Not for this. He wanted to savor Gerg and this chance offered to him. Because despite Gerg's tender words, Fuuma still couldn't fully convince himself this wouldn't be a one time thing. He'd grow tired of Fuuma eventually. They always did. But Gerg was the one he really, truly cared about and he was going to make this one count.

"Fuuma," Gerg breathed his name again, sending icy tingles down Fuuma's spine in the most delicious way.

The webbed fingers kept brushing through his hair, gentle and calming. It wasn't until Fuuma swallowed half of Gerg's length in his mouth that he realized Gerg was trying to keep his bangs out of his eyes. Fuuma felt them start watering. Totally from the strain of the blowjob and not the emotions welling up in him at the gesture. Totally.

Fuuma pulled up and off him slowly, breathing carefully, taking in Gerg's scent again. He's what Fuuma imagines the ocean smelled like. He's never seen one for himself, but he's heard all about it from Gerg and he wants to see it... The ocean probably didn't smell as musky and horny as Gerg did now, but the sort of, fresh water and salt smell made sense from what Gerg had told him.

He doesn't pull off all the way, leaving some in his mouth so he could lave his tongue all over the head of Gerg's dick, sampling the precum leaking out. Fuuma sighed thankfully at the taste. It wasn't bad at all. All cum tasted kind of horrible from his experience, but there were definitely instances where people's tasted better than others. Gerg's fingers stopped their gentle brushing movements to tighten in his hair, claws scratching against his scalp as his breath hitched.

"Fuuma I'm going to... Going to—!" Gerg gasped sharply, breath catching in his throat.

Fuuma quirked a brow, that was quicker than he expected. Though, it might be for the best. He pouted around Gerg's dick, then pulled off, suddenly hating the fact that they had a job tomorrow.

"It's okay, Gerg," Fuuma said, voice a little huskier than usual, but nowhere near as wrecked as he expected. "Give it to me," He murmured, then took Gerg into his mouth again, getting about halfway down like he had before.

"Fuuma—!" Gerg choked out.

And a burst of cold hit the back of Fuuma's throat. His eyes widened in surprise, but maybe he should've expected this. Gerg was cold-blooded after all. It wasn't necessarily a welcome surprise, but he started swallowing down once he got over the shock, and hummed relievedly that the rest of Gerg's spend had that same sort of mild bitter flavor with a stronger salty taste than he was used to.

Fuuma groaned as Gerg slowly pulled out of his mouth, gasping a shuddery breath as a line of drool spilled from his lips, getting lost in the mess of bathwater and other bodily fluids on the floor. He swallowed one more time, trying to get everything down, then leaned back with a breathless chuckle.

"That was... wow..." He said dazedly. "I'm..." Fuuma's eyes drifted down to the mess between Gerg's thighs, "I'm gonna have to bathe you again," he laughed.

Gerg slid off the stool, kneeling before Fuuma. A webbed hand palmed his rock-hard cock through his underwear softly, "Let me repay the favor, and we can bathe together."

Fuuma grinned wide, eyes glinting with amusement. A similar sentiment reflected back in Gerg's eyes.

"You got a deal."

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